

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

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—*Athenaeum*.

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ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

We are thirty-seven years from the time when Berlioz's masterpiece was produced and received with indifference. Since then, how much have we improved in sense and seriousness for music? Then, a Paris theatre held two or three hundred people to hear *La damnation de Faust*. Now, much more than ten times that number assemble ostensibly for the same purpose. Thirty-seven years ago, the work of an acknowledged master was admired by a remnant; now, though his fame has been increasing all these years, a remnant, and a remnant only, can be found giving proper attention to his greatest work.

The other night, when Mr Barnby's orchestra sounded the first notes of the introduction, there were a select few in the numbered places; that select few remained till the end of the last chorus. They constituted perhaps a tithe of the audience present while Margaret sang at the spinning wheel. The majority, who had not the least compunction about causing grave annoyance to would-be attentive listeners, had evidently come with the sole intention of hearing Mme Albani. It took these Philistines the whole of the first part of the programme to find their stalls—and all that followed to rustle out with footfalls heavier than autumn leaves. In short, one might as well have been at a Covent Garden Promenade Concert; save that at the latter there are less draughts.

At St James's Hall things are very differently arranged. There late visitors are, very rightly, kept waiting outside during the actual performance of the music. But here, at the Albert Hall, the stewards themselves seem to derive satisfaction from opening and shutting doors that grate for the want of oil. A steward will open a door, shut it, walk round to another door, go through the process again, and then chat with a fellow-steward. Meanwhile, a gentleman with books and programmes to sell will creak about enquiringly, till a third steward snaps his fingers at him and makes a lip-noise, to intimate that some new arrival wants a book or a programme. All this time, faint sounds of music have been going on in the distance.

The orchestra, it must be admitted, sounds rather poor in this big hall. Only the organ, or the entire chorus at their loudest, can nearly fill it. Under this drawback, music like that in *Faust* suffers particularly. For example, no climax was ever reached in the "Hungarian March," although the orchestra, trying twice—in obedience to the desire of the audience—did their best. The effect merely suggested unfavourable comparison with that obtained by Mr Hallé's orchestra in the smaller hall. However, the very same causes which militated against the possibility of a large volume, or sudden crash, of sound, served to enhance the charm of such soft and weirdly melodious music as the "Ballet of Sylphs." This "ballet," nevertheless, was the third of the evening's "encores," the second being, naturally, the song about the flea—sung by Mr Santley in a style all connoisseurs know how to appreciate—and the fourth, Mephistopheles' "serenade," in the first performance of which, by the bye, one section of the chorus made a slip by coming out with their "Ha" too soon. It only remains to say that Mme Albani was in excellent voice, as was proved by her rendering of the "Ballad of the King of Thule," and, further on, of that pathetic romance with its vague suggestion of *Oberon*. To Mr Pyatt was assigned Brander's song—one of those grotesque and nervously sardonic pieces so characteristic of Berlioz, in the conception and expression of which he is alone and unapproached. Mr Lloyd undertook the arduous part of the hero of the poem, achieving complete success.

W. H. ELIOT.

ANOTHER HAYDN'S SURPRISE.

Apropos of our note on Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, a correspondent informs us that in the edition for 1878, Abbé Franz Liszt is still mentioned as having died in 1868. Once having killed him, they stuck to it for ten years at all events. We haven't seen the latest edition. The Abbé is alive and well; and the last number but one of the *Musical World* tells us where he is going to spend his winter, in spite of Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*.—Punch.

M. J. L. HEUGEL.

We sincerely regret to be informed of the death of Monsieur J. L. Heugel, director of the musical journal, *Le Ménestrel*, a publisher of great sagacity and enquiring diligence, proprietor of nearly all the operas produced of late years, more or less successfully, in Paris. M. Heugel, who breathed his last at his town residence, Boulevard des Italiens, on Monday, November 12th, in his 69th year, was not only highly respected for his conduct of business affairs and his courtesy towards all who came to seek his counsel, but equally so in private life, where he had many and staunch friends, by whom his loss will be deeply felt.—*Graphic*.

LAMOUREUX AND PASDELOUP.

The popular concerts of both these gentlemen have already commenced, with, it would appear, every sign of increasing prosperity. The following is an extract from an article transmitted by "C. C.," the well-known correspondent of a daily contemporary:—

"M. Lamoureux has begun his series of concerts this year with more than ordinary éclat. The convenient theatre of the Chateau d'Eau (that in which the *opéra populaire* has established its home) was filled on Sunday afternoon by an audience at once distinguished and appreciative, and the programme was interpreted in a manner to delight the severest connoisseur. I have rarely indeed heard the famous C minor Symphony (the fifth of Beethoven's immortal nine, and, perhaps, the most completely perfect of all) played with more refinement and skill. It becomes almost invidious to single-out any point for special praise where all was above reproach; but the exceptionally fine playing of the orchestra excited the admiration of all the musicians present. Nothing could exceed the sedulous care with which M. Lamoureux conducted Beethoven's Symphony; but the executants had even harder work to perform in unravelling the intricacies of a singularly original piece, entitled *España*. In this characteristic composition the themes of popular Spanish dances are combined and worked together with infinite variety of treatment, and with all sorts of original and unexpected orchestral devices. The effect on the audience was extraordinary, and they re-demanded the morceau with enthusiasm. They also insisted on encores the *allegro appassionata* and *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's exquisite *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, and the interesting programme—exclusively orchestral, be it noted—which opened with Spohr's *Jessonda* overture, was brought to a brilliant conclusion with Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain*. I have omitted to mention that *España*, the piece that made the sensation of the morning, is by M. Chabrier, whose name, as yet unknown, is worthy of being watched with interest."

The concert of M. Pasdeloup is spoken of in somewhat more guarded terms of eulogy, as may be seen below:—

"M. Pasdeloup is unwearied in his search after novelty and in his encouragement of native talent. M. Benjamin Godard has had the good fortune to become one of M. Pasdeloup's special *protégés*, and, with the help of the veteran conductor, has been enabled to secure a public hearing for several ambitious works that otherwise might never have seen the light. At Sunday afternoon's popular concert a new orchestral work by the young Frenchman was produced, a *Gothic* symphony of very considerable merit. It is composed of an *allegro*, *largo*, *intermezzo*, and *finale*, each movement being simply constructed, but none the less broadly effective. The *allegro* and *intermezzo* contain nothing especially striking, but the *largo* opens and closes with a passage so deliciously quaint and original that it would in itself have been the saving of the work, while the *finale* is built upon an appropriately barbaric theme, which brings the symphony to a conclusion with no little effect. The talented young composer, who himself conducted the performance, was again and again re-called to the platform."

We often wonder why M. Lamoureux, or some equally ambitious Frenchman, does not endeavour to set on foot concerts of chamber music on the plan of those so ably administered by our own Mr. Arthur Chappell.

AMSTERDAM.—G. A. Heinze has completed a new oratorio, *Vicentino de Paulo*, which will be performed here for the first time next January. The book is from the pen of the composer's wife, Mme Henriette Heinze. Herr Heinze is director of the *Euterpe* and *Excelsior* Societies, but intends shortly to resign both these posts.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

On the 21st day of March, 1885, will occur the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Sebastian Bach. Those who are most interested in musical times and seasons may be trusted to mark the event with fitting rites when it comes round; meanwhile there is satisfaction in observing plentiful signs that our public are now taking a real interest in the persons and works of great artists. The multiplication of biographical "manuals" in a cheap and popular form is among the most convincing of such evidences, and absolutely the best test of a demand for the special knowledge supplied. As regards music it would appear that a market exists for something more and better than handbooks. Not many months ago a well-known firm of music publishers brought out an English version of Otto Jahn's great "Life of Mozart," and now the same house has just issued a first instalment of Spitta's "Sebastian Bach"—one of those exhaustive biographies to which only the patient laboriousness of a German seems equal. The appearance of this goodly volume of six hundred pages is a matter upon which we are disposed to congratulate well-wishers of music in England. As already pointed out, it indicates a lively and healthy spirit of inquiry after personal details respecting men whose greatness is no longer hidden from the mass of readers. Than this, however, it does something more, by showing regard for an artistic life and character which will, at the present moment, best repay study. There are reasons of great weight why, just now, Sebastian Bach should become a powerful influence. The tendency of his example is towards the highest musical good, in the sense that it exalts the abstract purity and self-sufficiency of an art which the efforts of many who should know better, and the fashion of a generation which has acquired enough knowledge to be dangerous, are degrading to the functions of a mere attendant. Bach has, before now, been brought to the front as a protest against decadence. After his death, his works were in a measure swept away by an overwhelming flood of Italian music, which spread over Germany from the courts of princes as from so many fountains. When, however, German art revived in the modified phase represented by Haydn and Mozart, who learned to combine Italian grace and charm with the more solid qualities of the Teutonic nature, a reaction set in that naturally carried men's minds to the great master of the first half of the eighteenth century, who was himself the personification of a national revival. The movement culminated when Mendelssohn arose, and, moved by the profound insight of genius into that which is kindred to itself, not only championed Bach's long-silent works, such as the *Matthew Passion* music, but openly walked in his steps. Here in England a similar process went on, with a difference of origin. At the beginning of the present century we had to make Bach's acquaintance, and of this honour and advantage we were careless through exclusive regard for the claims of another master who had lived and laboured in our midst. It is on record that Dr Burney, even after his famous travels in Germany, believed Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" to be a collection of no more than twenty-four preludes and fugues. Happily, others were enlightened and appreciative to a greater extent than the pedantic old historian. In the early years of the century Samuel Wesley declared the merits of him whom he styled the "father of universal harmony;" so ably asserting them that he founded amongst us a Bach cult which, surviving many fluctuations of taste, and more assaults from indifference, has at least obtained for the master general recognition and partial comprehension.

Concerning Sebastian Bach as a man, so little is popularly known that, at best, he may be termed a vague figure, as he stands in the mist which has gathered around men and things during a hundred and fifty years. With his great contemporary and only rival, George Frederick Handel, we are better acquainted. Our fathers saw him in the flesh, and have handed him down to us complete to the last curl of his wig. Bach, on the other hand, is little more than a name, a portrait, which may be like or unlike, and a tradition that makes him the father of twenty children. For such limited knowledge there will soon be no excuse. The master's greatest biographer presents to us a flesh-and-blood Bach. We see the honest Thuringian in his habit as he lived, and not him only, but all those who exerted an influence upon his career. This is well, for in a more pretentious and self-assertive age modest genius, combined with supreme devotion to art, cannot be looked at without benefit. It is said of Bach: "He practised the virtue of modesty in so high a degree that, as long as he alone was concerned, when face to face with the loud conceits of artists immeasurably beneath him, he rarely asserted his enormous superiority. Pride and haughtiness were unknown to him, and, though esteemed and flattered by princes and nobles, admired by brother artists, and respected and lauded with applause by countless devotees, he remained the same to all." Far be it from us to say that there are

not examples of this character among living composers, and it is certain that music has but recently lost one in Joachim Raff. Bach, however, is an instance conspicuous in proportion to his wonderful gifts. Accustomed to the life of our own day, we look with amazement upon the modest limits of his worldly desires and upon his continuous labour in a position which, though honourable in itself, derived more lustre from him than he from it. Here is no riddle. We may regard it as simply the natural result of absorbing devotion to the one pursuit for which life seemed most worth living. Samuel Wesley styled Bach a demigod of music. He might better have called him its priest and minister—one whose life was a long worship; who, did daily sacrifice and had in him the stuff of which martyrs are made. We cannot exaggerate the importance of such an individuality, at a time when great artists live in the eyes of the whole world, and are so flattered and fêted that it must be hard for them to avoid thinking first of themselves, and only in the second place of their vocation. The present, moreover, is a cynical age, which discourages devotion by asking what the devotee expects to gain. Undoubtedly Bach's example throws some weight into the other scale. It shows perfect consecration of life, rewarded by eternal fame.

To estimate rightly the full significance of Sebastian Bach's music it must be regarded in a higher capacity than that of an exemplification of certain forms. Like every great master, the Leipzig Cantor did not leave his art as he found it, even in matters of technical detail, and hence there are features in the goodly edifice which can be pointed out as the work of his particular hand. He was, however, superior to mere form, and it is for the evidence and result of this that his works principally command attention. So with all composers of genius, whose distinctive qualities, in point of fact, begin to show themselves where mere technical acquirements end. No genius, as we have all had reason to observe, is needed to master the mechanism of music, or the utterance of such phrases of a common sort as furnish a pretext for setting the machinery in motion. The distinction brings to mind St Paul's remark about the "letter that killeth," and the spirit that "giveth life," since between a mere exemplification of forms and a man who, from the height of genius, dominates forms while using them, there is the difference between death and life. The work of composers like Bach never grows old, because its indwelling spirit is ever young. Hence, the great master's compositions, even those whose form has become most antiquated, have a vitality of which the most prejudiced hearer cannot affect unconsciousness. It is the glory of Bach that, at a time when music was form and little else, he infused into it a living soul, and made it speak to our inner consciousness while pleasing the ear and gratifying a perception of artistic symmetry. His fugues are a conspicuous illustration of this power. They present to us much more than constructiveness in accordance with certain rules—which is even now the common notion of a fugue. Listening to them we hear the voice of nature through the most artificial of utterances. They make the chords of human feeling vibrate to their appeal, as well as excite the mind to admiration. It is thus, in varying measure, with all the works of genius, no matter of what age. They have in them a spirit which, though it be as old, is also as young as the humanity that ever renews its youth. According as recognition of this fact comes through study of Bach, or by any other means, so will assurance prevail among those now bewildered and alarmed at recent musical developments. Men who through lack of genius cannot animate the old forms act quite naturally when they invent forms of their own, and try to conceal their poverty under a new and showy suit of clothes. Time will find them out, sooner or later. The end of the sham is exposure and disgrace; but that of the true is all men's praise and honour.—D. T.

COPENHAGEN.—A young man with a phenomenal tenor voice has, it is said, been lately discovered in this capital. His name is Torsley; he comes from Schleswig, and was employed in a chocolate manufactory. The management of the Theatre Royal has, according to report, undertaken the musical education of the future star.

LEIPSIK.—The following was the programme of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert: Part I.—Overture to *Anacreon* (Cherubini); Songs, sung by Herr Joseph Waldner; Violin Concerto, Op. 31 (Hans Sitt)—performed, for the first time and under the direction of the composer, by Herr Henri Petri; Ballad, sung by Herr Waldner; Romance for violin (Max Bruch)—performed by Herr Petri. Part II.—Symphony, No. 2, in D major (Beethoven). The vocalist was to have been Herr Walter, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna; but, in consequence of his being prevented by sudden indisposition from appearing, Herr Josef Waldner, also from the Austrian capital, took his place at the last moment, and acquitted himself most creditably.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

No. 7.—THE SONG OF THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

"Blow wind and crack your cheeks!"

King Lear (Act iii., sc. 2).

"Blow high! Blow low!"

—*Old Song.*

O I'm a merry organ-blower!
 Blow high! Blow high!
 A true musician to the core!
 Blow low! Blow low!
 For what's an organ without wind,
 Which I, you know, pump in behind?
 You can't dispense with me, you'll find.
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

Unless you have hydraulic force,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 Or else a steam engine, of course.
 Blow low! Blow low!
 But if you want the truest joy
 In organ play without alloy,
 You'll keep your merry blower boy.
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

For engines out of order get,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 And often bring a church in debt:
 Blow low! Blow low!
 Whilst one strong boy is all you need;
 Each small instruction he will heed,—
 And his pay is very small indeed.
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

He'll never let the wind escape,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 Or when he's wanted be asleep!
 Blow low! Blow low!
 But, anxious to preserve his fame,
 He'll carve the initials of his name
 Upon the polished organ frame!
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

They say he neither sings nor prays,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 And often has irreverent ways.
 Blow low! Blow low!
 'Tis false; though, like the pagan blind,
 Who in machines his prayers will grind,
 He praises God by pumping wind!
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

Some persons, everybody knows,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 Throughout the sermon take a doze.
 Blow low! Blow low!
 But acts like that fit not my creed;
 Such laziness I'd scorn, indeed,—
 So bring a "Penny D." to read!
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

An organist, who fame achieved,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 Was speaking thanks for praise received,
 Blow low! Blow low!
 When the blower whispered in his ear:—
 "Not 'I' but 'we'! Admit my share!
 You won't say 'we'? Then just beware!"
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

Next Sunday morn the wicked lout,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 Quite sudden, let the wind go out!
 Blow low! Blow low!
 "Blow on! Blow on, you stupid D—!"
 But not a breath of wind pumped he,
 Until the organist said, "We!"
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

And "serve him right," is what I say!
 Blow high! Blow high!
 I'll let the wind out, too, some day,
 Blow low! Blow low!
 If our church organist won't be
 More sparing in "full organ." He
 Delights to "pile the agony!"
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

Our organ suffers through the cold,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 And in the sermon (so we're told),
 Blow low! Blow low!

Requires the organist inside.
 (I may as well at once confide,
 A bottle there I've oft espied!)
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

A lady comes on certain days,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 For organ lessons (so he says).
 Blow low! Blow low!

I caught him once "upon the hop,"
 His arm he from her waist let drop,—
 "He was reaching round to draw a stop!"
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

In church he passes notes by me,
 Blow high! Blow high!
 "To tell some one what tune 'twill be!"
 Blow low! Blow low!

I peeped in one addressed to Miss
 Kate Travers, and it read like this,—
 With, down below, a cross, or kiss!
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

"My own, my darling little Kate,"
 Blow high! Blow high!

"You'll meet me at the orchard gate,"
 Blow low! Blow low!

"As soon as it is growing dim?
 How sweetly, dear, you sang that hymn?
 Your most devoted, loving, Jim."
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

POPULAR MUSIC.—Mr J. S. Curwen, the president of the Tonic Sol-fa College, London, recently closed a fortnight's lecturing tour in Durham and Northumberland. Large and successful gatherings were held at Stockton, West Hartlepool, Middlesborough, Sunderland, Wallsend, Newcastle, North and South Shields, Jarrow, Bishop Auckland, Durham, and Darlington. These meetings took the form of musical demonstrations of the Tonic Sol-fa system by choirs of children specially trained, Mr Curwen giving the necessary explanations, the importance of music to schools and churches and as a social recreation for the masses was dwelt upon, and the tests given proved that by the Tonic Sol-fa system even children can be taught to read music at first sight in the staff or the Tonic Sol-fa notation, write it from dictation, &c. At Durham Mr Curwen addressed the students of the University in one of the lecture rooms, Dr. Rogers, precentor of the cathedral, presiding.

SAVOY THEATRE.—The fairy opera of "*Iolanthe* ; or, *The Peer and the Peri*," which has maintained its position in the programme of the Savoy Theatre for nearly twelve months, was repeated on Saturday evening for the 350th time, without showing the slightest sign of diminished popularity. The pleasing melodies of Sir Arthur Sullivan and the fantastic humour of Mr W. S. Gilbert continue to be received by the public with as keen a relish as ever, and no indication of flagging energies can be traced in a performance still preserving in all essential respects the advantages of the original cast. Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Jessie Bond, Mr George Grossmith, Mr Rutland Barrington, Mr Durward Lely, and Mr R. Temple sustain their respective characters with unabated vivacity, while Miss R. Carlingford, who is now the appropriate representative of the portly Queen of the Fairies; Miss Sybil Grey, Miss Mina Rowley, and Miss Grace Arnold as her attendants, with Mr Charles Ryley as the stalwart Private Willis, of the Grenadier Guards, very satisfactorily occupy the places of their predecessors. An extra quarter of an hour's merriment is now provided by Mr George Grossmith's diverting musical sketch, entitled, *The Drama on Cruiches*, in which is humorously worked out an idea that the stage may be occupied in the next century by fashionable amateurs, and that an old playgoer may then contrast their highly refined method of interpretation with the more robust style of the actors of the past. Availing himself of a slightly exaggerated imitation of the voice and gesture of familiar public favourites, Mr George Grossmith rapidly brings a series of easily-recognized personages before the spectators, and, besides making some good-natured references to the peculiarities of his colleagues at the Savoy Theatre, introduces a distinct allusion to his own personal characteristics in evidence of the examples of his mimicry not being invidiously selected. The excellence of the imitations and the cleverness of the entertainer received very cordial acknowledgment in quickly responsive laughter, followed by a final round of hearty applause.—D. T.

THE DEAN OF YORK ON MUSIC.

Preaching at the Parish Church, Leeds, the Dean of York founded an eloquent discourse on the words, "*As good stewards of the manifold grace of God.*" The preacher in the course of his address said that with the echoes of the grand harmonies of the past Musical Festival still ringing in their ears they could not, he thought, doubt the dramatic, didactic, and devotional power of music. The power of the divine art was indeed varied. It wrought good as well as evil, and had been an instrument in the hands of Satan as well as an agency in the hands of God. Feeling, then, this wonderful power of music when rightly employed, what could they do to preserve her purity, make her as far as possible beneficent to the age in which we live, and discourage whatever might tend to make her otherwise? Adverting to sacred music as now given in our churches, the Dean said we had made wonderful strides. Not long ago sacred music there was of a certain kind, but anything like real music was too often considered desecration, and music for worship was almost entirely limited to hymn tunes so bare that even John Wesley himself entered a strong protest. Oratorios, too, were looked upon as altogether unfitted for the House of God, from which they were rigidly excluded. Any efforts to improve this state of affairs were met by stubborn hostility, which many supporters of a change did not care to face, and so improvements were either unattempted or soon abandoned. All that had, however, been swept away, and music in all her unalloyed beauty had asserted herself in the House of God. People had learnt that its use was not simply confined to their own utterances of its sounds, and those who took part in its rendering in the House of God were more and more coming to be regarded, not as mere performers, but as participators in the ministry of God. He looked upon the members of a choir as having imposed upon them a two-fold duty: first, to sing for the congregation—to be the leaders and supporters of their vocal worship, the wings, as it were, by which their prayers and praises should be sustained and carried to Heaven; and, secondly, to sing to the congregation—to be, in fact, musical preachers. They had reached a great point in this matter, and he urged them to maintain and develop it. A most encouraging refection was the fact that during the last twelve months even their brethren across the border, breaking through a long-established prejudice, had erected beautiful organs in their places of worship. The use of music in God's house should, however, be watched with a careful eye, and anything rigidly expunged which had the slightest appearance of converting a church into a concert-room or music-hall. And if there was this danger in the use of sacred music, how much more was there in the secular music of the present day? If the reproach that England was not a musical nation was being rapidly wiped away, then it behoved them all the more, in view of the dangers surrounding music, to take care that a still greater reproach was not heaped upon them. When would Christian men and women set their faces like flint against the use of music which could only kindle evil passions? How long would they tolerate scenes which by the aid of music made comical and attractive wickedness which, if true, had better be forgotten? How long would English mothers tolerate ballets, which offend against everything womanly; and how long would they sanction exhibitions in which they would shudder to see their sisters or daughters taking part? Was it too much to say that the time had come when by word and example all Christian communities should make a stand against the existence of halls in which beautiful music was simply used to render attractive that from which in cold blood most people would turn away in disgust? He did not say that music was the only temptation, but he did most emphatically declare that it was often used to increase that temptation. He did not know how far this existed in Leeds, but he was certain it was so more or less in all great centres of population, and for that reason he thought that a few words on the subject would not be out of season. He had no doubt he was addressing visitors from all parts of England, drawn there by the event of the festival week, and he earnestly asked them, if there was any connection between their services that day and the recent Musical Festival, any gratitude on their part for what they had heard, it was to endeavour to more fully realize their own responsibility with regard to the use of music, and go from that holy place resolved to exert their utmost endeavours to use it as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.

BONN.—Herr von Wasielewski has sent in his resignation as Town-Musical-Director, and will retire at the end of this winter's concert season. His motive for the step is the wish to be able to devote more time to his musico-literary labours. Among his best-known works of this description may be mentioned *The Biography of Robert Schumann*; *The Violin and its Masters*; *The Violin in the 17th Century*; *The Beginning of Instrumental Composition*; and *The History of Instrumental Music in the 16th Century*.

SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

It has been said, by an old writer, that "music is either the mother or the daughter of poetry;" we may suppose music the mother, because the ancient bards, generally, made their tune or melody first, and after acquiring ability to sing the tune in a satisfactory manner, they then adapted words to it; every different story, therefore, had its tune, which was never changed unless for a better one. The original poem was known at once by its tune; and if in time, or for lack of often hearing, or repeating it, a poem was forgotten and lost, the tune, if a good one, seldom shared the same fate, because a tune was easier learned, and much longer retained or sooner brought back to the memory than the words of a song. Many, however, it was found, could make a song who could not make a singable tune, and, consequently, in later times, many different songs were adapted to the same air.

The Greeks preserved their laws and history in traditional rhymes—the same word in their language signifying a law and a song. It was not only a national care with the Celtic race, but it was considered a sacred duty of parents to make their children perfectly acquainted with the ancient poems and songs. The Celtic poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions by which it can affect or overwhelm the mind than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to all poetry, and is congenial to our nature. Song is in this respect the handmaid of true philosophy and morality.

Celtic, as well as other poetry, was originally chanted to appropriate tones of music, and was accompanied by the playing of harps or other instruments; and this is why other ancient people esteemed a knowledge of music an indispensable accomplishment; some reckoning it infamous to be ignorant of so agreeable an art. Whether the melody of the human voice preceded or followed instrumental music, it is certain that the voice was cultivated by nearly all nations of antiquity; and that the harper was generally also a vocal performer. The chanting of songs was imitated by the early Christians, and it appears that they were passionately fond of music; even the clergy did not confine their talents to the voice, but were both singers and performers upon instruments; and in some countries, at social parties and entertainments the harp was handed from one to another of the company, and as few were willing to be thought 'out of fashion or ignorant,' they were careful not only to learn the art of singing, but to learn composition and the use of the harp and other instruments.

The attachment which the nations of Celtic origin have to their own music is strengthened by its intimate connection with the national songs. The influence of their songs upon the people is confessedly great; the pictures of heroism, love, patriotism, and devotion, as exhibited in songs, become indelibly impressed on the memory, and help to elevate the mind of even the humblest peasant. This influence is not confined to any one people, but is similar upon all nations of antiquity. Tyrtæus, by chanting his verses, so inspired the Lacedæmonians, that in battle they turned the tide of prosperity and came off victorious. The Celtic bards stimulated the people to war, or subdued them to peace. The songs written by Ovid were sung; and the genius of any people naturally musical and poetical is materially assisted by the use, and preservation by use, of oral compositions; for this reason the ancients were inclined to afford such encouragement to the order of bards that their talents were fostered, and they were enabled to devote their lives to the profession.

The Scots and Swiss, who inhabit a country of like character in many particulars, experience similar emotions on hearing music. The Welsh, the Scots, and the Irish all have melodies of a simple sort, which, as they are connected together by cognate marks, evince at once their relationship as well as their antiquity. The members of the Scottish church early brought sacred music to considerable perfection, and at one period rendered it celebrated throughout Europe. Mungret Abbey, near Limerick, was once celebrated by monkish writers for its religious songs, and had five hundred persons who served continually in the choir. Music and songs were at that time learned by hearing others sing, for they had not, in the ancient times, the art of communicating their songs by notation; and this is why we have but a limited knowledge of ancient music.

DRESDEN.—The members of the Orchestra at the Teatro Royal celebrated, on the 26th ult., the 25th anniversary of their Symphonic Concerts, the programme being exactly the same as at the first concert, on the 26th October, 1858, and thus constituted: Overture to *Euryanthe*; Symphony in B flat major, Haydn; Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; and Symphony in C minor, Beethoven. With the bill of the evening was joined a list of all the works performed at these concerts since their commencement.

SONG WRITERS AND THEIR FEES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It 'ave been fery amusing, look you now, if it tid not raise an 'onest man's choler, to read the letters and communications that you, sir, 'ave given to the 'orld lately, and for them I thank you, about the peoples that write the music of the songs, and the peoples that sell them when printed. What pothers to pe sure now! The workman that make the tunes says he's paid only but a few shillins, while the great Lort-of-the-counter gets thousands and hundreds too. Well! well! intee, and who cares for the pribbles of the one, and the prabbles of the other? I can assure you, now, the pig public intee does not, look you! When they does eat their sugars, or wear their cottons, think you, now, they worship the niggers who did make grow, or the merchantman who did fetch and carry the things? No. So when they sing some songs, does they stop to fall down at the knees of the man they pays their moneys to, or the man who spun the notes together? No, no, and intee no! I peg to want you, Mr Editor, to say the public that the *Poet* is, in my simple conjectures, the proper person is owing to, for the ballads and songs. And what gets he? Does he gets the guineas? does he gets the pounts? does he gets the shillins? does he gets the pennys? No, intee, no, he seldom gets nothing at all. His peautiful poems is, perhaps, stole, or the musician promise moneys, and rascally never pay, or the publisher sent copies of music that make it immortal by the words.

Mr Editor, I 'ave writ the most peautiful poems, which never I get one pennys for—the musician get it all. And what is he grant man for? and what he talk about the trader stealing his prains for? Why sometime, look you, I see him like my little poy, Hugh (which his mother is tie to the taple with a band, so that he fall not when toddling from this chair to that), so I, in fancy or imaginations, see the writer of music tied as fast to the major *Do*, that he not stumble when he go to the sup-dominant, and the dominant and back. Yet he get the moneys all! In England, intee, the *Poet* no petter is than nothing at all. But look you, in welsh Wales he is more than a Lort, or a coal-mine, or a flock of sheep, or a shop-keeper, or even a serfing-man. He is there crowned, intee, with the pays, and carried on the shoulders in a chair before the Fishops, the judges, and the reporters at the mighty Eisteddfodau. And all the year rount, look you, he can walk the mountains and valleys, the rivers and the floods as a king and a sacred majestys. Yet come he to England, and write there grant, lovely and sweet verses, he get nothing, and nopody looks! But every-pody stares at the stringer of notes. He is become a lion! a rage! iss intee, and rich also! and he live in a pig house, and eat every day long some thing petter than pread and seese. While the *Poet* (who is the sun that give light for him to work py, and life to work with) is passed py and let to starfe. Tell the pig public, sir, it is the *Poet*, and not the composer, not the salesman that should have moneys, and honours, and consideration always.—I am, sir, fery discretely your servant,

HUGH EVANS

(Pencerdd—late Schoolmaster).

Nov. 12th, Datchett, near Windsor.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our Correspondent.)

The month of September has been prolific as regards musical matters. The concerts of the "Liedertafel Musical Artists' Society" and the "Wednesday Populars" have been well attended. The programmes submitted have contained items of more than ordinary interest. At the Melbourne "Liedertafel Concert," held in the Athenæum on 17th September, a new cantata for men's voices, by Mr Alfred Plumpton, was performed for the first time. The work is entitled *The Apotheosis of Hercules*. The story is taken up after the faithlessness of Hercules to Dejanira, who, in order to destroy her husband's attachment for Iole, sent him the tunic of Nessus, which the centaur told her possessed the virtue of recalling a husband from unlawful love. But the fatal garment was poisoned, and proved utterly destructive to Hercules.

There are three divisions in the work, named respectively, "Olympus," "Eubœa," and "Mount Ceta." In the first, the Immortals warn Hercules of his impending fate. The scenes at Eubœa are descriptive of the tragic turn given to the intending sacrifice to Jupiter by Hercules, and his destruction by putting on the fatal robe. The final division narrates the translation of the hero from the burning pile which he has erected for himself on the top of Mount Ceta to Olympus, at the portal of which he receives a garland of perpetual youth from Hebe, who subsequently becomes his immortal bride. The poem unfolds to the musician splendid opportunities for employing the great resources of his art. Mr Plumpton has amply availed himself of these, his music growing in intensity

and dramatic interest with the development of this effective story. Excepting a soprano *aria* for Hebe, the cantata is composed for male voices alone. It consists of eleven numbers, solo and choral, with instrumental accompaniment.

Three of the Melbourne "Popular Concerts" have taken place. At the one for the director's benefit, held on 12th Sept. at the Athenæum, Schubert's Quintet, "Die Forellen," Op. 114, Hummel's Grand Septuor, (piano, viola, cello, 'contra basso, flute, oboe, and horn) Op. 74, and Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata were the principal instrumental items. At the second Popular Concert, Beethoven's String Quintet in C, Op. 29, was performed, also Schubert's Octet for two violins, viola, violoncello, contra basso, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, Op. 116.

The Musical Artists' Society held a ladies' night at the Café Gunler, (Sept 29). Amongst other items performed were Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, Op. 22, Beethoven's String Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, and his Sonata for violin and piano in F, Op. 24. The concert terminated with a most spirited rendering of Goltermann's Sonata for piano and violoncello. This is a composition of more than ordinary merit, and was well received by an enthusiastic audience.

We have had a season of English opera at the Operahouse. The works performed have been *Martha*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rose of Castile*, *Mignon* (Ambrose Thomas), *Norma*, *Faust*, and *Martina*. Many of the works were indifferently performed while others were very creditably put on the stage. To counterbalance the English opera we have had Miss Melville's troupe playing *Patinitza* (Suppé), *Royal Middy*, and *Prince Methusalem* (Strauss), at the Princess Theatre.

A light Italian opera troupe is being organized. They purpose giving condensed performances, relying more on the perfect rendering of a few artists only. The opening work is to be *Flotow's L'Ombra*.

H. J. S.

Melbourne, Oct. 3rd.

CHILDHOOD.

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."
"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

O happy faces, smile-lit, full of grace;
Bright cherubs of an ether realm that cheer
Our hearts—sweet spirit-visitors that clear
The mists of sorrow from our eyes. Each face
Soft-dimpled—where lives not the slightest trace
Of adamantine sin—with charms most dear
Gaze up to ours. Their little eyes appear
Like rainbow's burnished bars that arch the place
Where some stern storm had raged—dear eyes that have
Not wept with this world's bitterness, yet they
Must weep as years roll on; fair hands and feet
That know not how to toil, yet soon must brave
The many trials of Life on Life's rough way,
And know what care maturer years shall meet.

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J. H. A. HICKS.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The 130th session of the Society of Arts will commence on the 21st inst. with an opening address from Sir William Siemens, the chairman of the Society's council. Previous to Christmas there will be four ordinary meetings, in addition to the opening meeting, and for these the following arrangements have been made:—November 28th, A. J. R. Trendell, "The International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883"; December 5th, Thomas T. P. Bruce Warren, "The Manufacture of Mineral Waters"; December 12th, Thomas Fletcher, F.C.S., "Coal-Gas as a Labour-Saving Agent in Mechanical Trades"; December 19th, W. H. Preece, F.R.S., "The Progress of Electric Lighting." There will be six courses of lectures delivered during the session, under the bequest of Dr. Cantor. These will be—(1) "The Scientific Basis of Cookery," by W. Mattieu Williams, F.C.S.; (2) "Recent Improvements in Photo-Mechanical Printing Methods," by Thomas Bolas, F.C.S.; (3) "London Houses," by Robert W. Edis, F.S.A.; (4) "The Alloys used for Coinage," by Professor W. Chandler Roberts, F.R.S., chemist of the Royal Mint; (5) "Some New Optical Instruments and Arrangements," by J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., F.R.A.S.; and (6) "Fermentation and Distillation," by Professor W. Noel Hartley, F.C.S. The usual short course of juvenile lectures will be delivered during the Christmas holidays. The subject will be "Crystals and Crystallization," and the lecturer Mr J. M. Thomson, of King's College.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1883,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor, Op. 45, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Spohr)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^{ms} L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Songs, "Mary Morison" (Maude White) and "O let the solid ground" (Alice Boyton)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in B flat minor, Op. 35 (Chopin), for pianoforte alone—M. Vladimir de Pachmann.

PART II.—Folia, for Violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, first time (Piatti)—Signor Piatti; Songs "Es blink der Thau" and "Lied" (Rubinstein)—Miss Santley; Trio, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann, M^{me} Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—Signor ROMILI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 17, 1883,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^{ms} L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Dalla sua pace" (Mozart)—Mr Joseph Maas; Sonata, in E minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé; Adagio, in E major, from Concerto in A minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Viotti)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda; Air, "Il mio tesoro" (Mozart)—Mr Joseph Maas; Quartet, in A major, Op. 28, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Brahms)—Mr Charles Hallé, M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^{ms} L. Ries, Hollander and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

MARRIAGE.

On November the 7th inst., at St George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. R. C. Calley, cousin of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Capel Cure, rector of St George's, THOMAS CHARLES PLEYDELL CALLEY, 1st Life Guards, of Burderop Park, Wilts, to EMILY, daughter of THOMAS PATEY CHAPPELL, of 14, George Street, Hanover Square, and Weir Bank, Teddington.

DEATH.

On November 9th, suddenly, ALFRED GWILT, Esq., of Norbiton, Surrey (formerly of Union Street, Borough), in his 74th year.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 705.)

In 1816, Cherubini's elder daughter, Victoire, then twenty-one, was married to M. Turcas, a thoroughly honourable man, who, while following the career of arms—he was a deputy-commissary of stores—displayed, when still very young, an extremely strong love of music, and made himself known by a tolerably large number of earnest and estimable compositions.* Eleven years later, Cherubini's second daughter, Zénobie, married a highly distinguished Italian savant, M. Hippolyte Rosellini, a friend of the younger Champollion, whose companion he was in the celebrated scientific Egyptian expedition, which at that time excited the enthusiasm of all Europe, and in which he played an ex-

* To give the reader an idea of Cherubini's methodical disposition, I will quote the entry concerning the marriage as I find it in his Diary: "My elder daughter was married this year, 1816. Mr Turcas proposed for her on the 2nd January; on the 6th March following the contract was signed at Mr Jallabert's, notary; on the next day, the 7th, she was married at the Municipality, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and on the 9th in the church of St Vincent-de-Paul, at nine o'clock in the morning."

remely important part. The marriage was a sad one for Cherubini, because it was destined to separate him from his daughter, whom he adored and who settled in Italy with her husband when the latter returned from Egypt; it was on this account that Cherubini consented only with much difficulty to the match. It was at Rossini's, in the rooms he then occupied on the Boulevard Montmartre, that M. Rosellini and M^{lle} Zénobie, who was very handsome, like her mother, met for the first time. They were both struck exceedingly with each other, and the marriage was a marriage of love. The young wife remained at Paris during her husband's journey, but, on his return, went to him at Pisa.† As for Cherubini's son, Salvador, who had received a brilliant education and was a highly distinguished draughtsman, he accompanied his brother-in-law and Champollion to Egypt. This was another heart-sore for the poor father, who would have liked to keep always near him all those whom he loved, all those who were dear to him, and in whom he took delight.

I dwell upon this family and patriarchal side of Cherubini's character, because all his biographers have neglected it, and because, moreover, there has been formed a sort of disagreeable and mendacious legend concerning the great man, which artists of renown, like Mendelssohn, have, by spreading it about, strengthened with their authority, and which made Cherubini, so to speak, an unnatural being, a kind of savage, without heart, soul, or feeling. I have already endeavoured to react against this fatal reputation with which he has been invested, and which he owes to his character, which was, it is true, rigid and abrupt, though its external roughness detracted in no way from his goodness of heart; I shall, I trust, rehabilitate him in this respect. I have my hands full of proofs of his tenderness, constant solicitude, and profound love for all those connected with him; I will open them so that the truth may issue forth and convince even the most incredulous.

Cherubini's letters which I am about to cite will not fail, while rendering us acquainted with the sentiments towards his family, to offer some interest from the details they contain regarding his private life and surroundings. The following letter was addressed to his daughter, then at Dieppe with her mother, who had been recommended sea-bathing:

"Paris, 3rd August, 1827.

"I received your letter this morning, and it afforded me great pleasure, since it assures me that your Mother and you are both well; that is the most essential and most interesting point. I answer you this evening in order that my letter may go to-morrow, Rossini having promised me to send it with that object to Rothschild, who will add it to other letters he is sending to Dieppe.‡ My letter will be enclosed in one which Rossini will write to inform you that he will start on Monday, to go and reply personally to the moanings of the sea, which is calling him, and to see you into the bargain. I met him this evening as I was leaving Rigault's, where I had dined; both Rigault and his wife desire to be most kindly remembered. As I have heard that the evenings at Dieppe are fresh, and, as my wife must not catch cold, especially while she is bathing, I have made up my mind to send the pelisse,§ of which I spoke to her. Rossini has kindly consented to take it her.

"This is the fourth letter I have written since you have left; I do not make this observation by way of reproach, but to prove that I do not let you want news, despite my examination business, which is a nuisance, as you may well fancy. I shall dine on Monday at your aunt's; I have not yet chosen the place for Tuesday, for I must tell you that I shall not return to St Cloud || till after the examinations, because it is too fatiguing to get up at six o'clock, so as to be at the school at half-past eight, and then have to sit for four or five mortal hours. Last Wednesday, having come up the same morning from St Cloud, I wanted to sleep all the time I was in the class-room, and I wanted all the more because it was very hot. Talking of the heat, yesterday it was suffocating—it must have been considerable, as I was affected by it.

† M^{me} Rosellini still resides at Pisa, which she has never left.

‡ At that period, postage, which varied, and was based on the distance to be traversed, was extremely heavy. The consequence was that no one hesitated to defraud the Government and avoid so onerous an outlay when he possibly could. Cherubini did like everybody else.

§ "Pellice." In transcribing these letters, I have respected Cherubini's graphic and orthographic errors, which generally result from negligence, for, when he paid attention, he wrote French very purely, and much better than he did Italian, which he had partly forgotten.

|| He was stopping with some friends of the family, M^{me} Tiron and her son.

"It strikes me that your amusements at Dieppe are not very numerous; but what are you to do? You have not gone for amusement, but by your doctor's order—in a word, for your health. I have received a letter addressed to me, and opened it, when I found it was meant for M^{me} Cherubini. I send it for her to do what she may deem most appropriate with. Good-bye. It is eleven o'clock, and I am going to bed. Good-night, naiad. I embrace you and your mother with all my heart; tell her to try not to lose at cards, if she plays."

"L. CHERUBINI."

From among the letters addressed by Cherubini either to his wife or his daughter, during the stay they then made at Dieppe, I transcribe also the two following, because they exhibit him in a thoroughly familiar light:—

"Wednesday, 22nd August, 1827."

"I did not receive any letter yesterday from Dieppe; this arises, perhaps, from the fact that I received two the day before; I do not understand how this happened. As it is absolutely necessary for me to go this morning to M. de La Rochefoucauld's, I have sat down early to write to you on getting out of your bed without waiting for your letters, of which I expect one without fault to-day, to answer it before the post goes out, seeing that I am not certain I should be able to do so on my return from the Minister's. You must be surprised to learn, my dear girl, that I have got up out of your bed. But your surprise will cease when I tell you that the other night I scarcely closed my eyes once on account of the bugs. There were so many that François was obliged to take the bedstead down to destroy the nasty things, by rubbing it all over with turpentine. I have not chosen to sleep in it again on account of the bad odour of this ingredient, and I shall occupy your bed until my departure."

"Tell your mother that I intended yesterday going to M^{me} Chinnery's, and that I even had time; but it rained so violently at the very end of the morning, when I should have been able to go and see her, that I was obliged to give up the idea. On coming out of school, I could scarcely get to my own house, where I stopped till dinner time. The weather looks as if it were going to be bad again to-day; it is altogether broken up. It cannot be very fine either at Dieppe. I do not know where we shall dine with Salvador; I think we shall end by going to the restaurant's."

"Shall you continue your sea-bathing very far into the month of September? The weather is growing cold, and the further we go the less mild it will be. I fear that bathing, instead of being beneficial to you both, would then do you harm."

"From her asking for money, I am afraid your mother has been losing at cards with M^{me} Rossini. If such is the case, I shall be angry, as, under the circumstances, it is essential to make the most of the little money one has; losing at cards is good for those who have more money than they require. I am angry with myself for making such observations, but it arises from the feeling of anxiety which I experience at this moment, though I do not know why. Perhaps it is the result of the bad and stormy weather. All I can say is that I feel sad, and that, were I strong enough, I would beat everyone, myself included, to complete the melodrama. I am waiting for the sun to change my humour."

"Mr St. Ange leaves to-morrow for Dieppe with his daughter, who expects a number of parties and to be asked to all the balls; perhaps she thinks people will give them on purpose for her. This abridgment of a woman has a good opinion of herself, has she not? I should like to see her coupled with the Viscountess! They would go well together!—What are Rossini and his wife doing? Give them my best remembrances. Will they still be at Dieppe when I come? I hope so, for the month has 31 days, and I shall arrive some days before that. I have not seen papa Rossini; I was told he had been ill; do not mention this to his son, for he is well now. I embrace you tenderly, and your mother too. Your affectionate father,"

"L. CHERUBINI."

The following letter preceded, by a few days, Cherubini's own visit to Dieppe, to join his wife and daughter:

"From St Cloud, 25th August."

"I received your letter of the 23rd; it was François who brought it me at the Office of the St Cloud coach, for, having had a great deal to do at the Institute, at the Chapel, and at the Opera, I should not have been able to return home that morning. Victorine, who has come back from the country, had been to our house to see me. Not having found me, she learned from François at what hour I should be at the coach-office; and, while waiting for the coach to start, I saw her arrive with her two children and the wet-nurse. I thought the little one was rather paleish, though I am assured he is quite well. He is always laughing, despite his apparent indisposition, and is a very nice little fellow. He goes to-morrow with his mother

to Haute-Bryère, where she will spend eight days. Salvador is also going, but returns on Monday."

"As regards your last letter, you did not write it as I could have wished. Because you know your own writing, you think every one can read it. You are incorrigible! However, by dint of studying it, I succeeded, though with great trouble, in making out all about your mishap at the Château d'Arques. I knew that on that day you would inevitably get wet, but not to such an extent. Poor things, I am very sorry for you! When you go on this river again, scan the weather very carefully before taking another such trip; when you are bathing, you must be cautious. According to the account you give me of this trip to Arques, it seems that the rain interfered with Rossini's cantata. Was it executed in its entirety? This you have not told me. After what you have said of your disaster, be sure that I shall not forget to bring your mother the shoes she wants, and moreover I shall bring my umbrella. You have often told me the sea is rough; I will make a bet that, when I am at Dieppe, it will not budge! If it plays me a trick like that, I do not know what I will do to it."

"I should like to write at greater length, but mass is at eleven o'clock to-day, and I have had to write before going to the Château,** for, had I not done so till afterwards, I should have missed the Paris post. I leave you then; I must dress and breakfast. D'Henneville arrived in Paris at nine o'clock yesterday morning. At that hour I was already at the Institute. I have not seen him, but he will come, I suppose, to the Château, on account of the performance given there this evening."

"Addio, cara figlia, ti bacio teneramente, e l'istesso fo alla carissima mia consorte, esortandovi di amarmi sempre col medesimo ardore con cui vi amo ambidue. Sono e sarò sempre tuo affezionatissimo padre,"

"L. CHERUBINI."††

(To be continued.)

SARAH BERNHARDT.

The last news with relation to this most distinguished tragedian touched upon her separation from a man by no means worthy of her affections. This being, however, an exclusively private affair, although variously reported by French and English journals, we did not think it came within our province to speak of it. The most recent information in connection with this same artist relates to her new triumph in Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, from which she selected the most striking and terrible scene in which Macbeth's ambitious and terrible spouse is concerned. It was on the occasion of a performance for the benefit of one of her most noted *camarades*. Let the French correspondent of *The Times*, who wrote the article in which it appeared, deliver his opinions in his own language:—

"A special performance was given to-day, at the Vaudeville, for the benefit of M^{lle} Fargueil, the great French actress, in which all the Paris artists of renown took part. The rendering of an act from the *Mariage de Figaro*, performed by Coquelin, Laroche, Jouassain, Bartet, and Reichenberg, of the Comédie Française, and by M^{lle} Granier (who took the part of Cherubin), was perfect. M^{lle} van Zandt, in Massenet's *Les Enfants*, and Talazac, Faure, and M^{me} Fidèle Devries were much applauded."

"But the dramatic event of the performance was a scene from *Macbeth* (translation of M. Jules Lacroix) by M^{me} Sarah Bernhardt. Sarah Bernhardt chose the terrible scene where Lady Macbeth, lamp in hand, starting in terror from her sleep, confesses her crime. Nobody remembers having ever seen greater tragical power on the French stage. Sarah Bernhardt, in her white, flowing garments, her body seemingly emaciated with remorse, her features distorted with horror and anguish, in powerful tones that made the blood run cold, declaimed the scene from beginning to end with extraordinary force. She showed in this passage a dramatic insight unexampled at this moment on the French stage; and the repeated and enthusiastic plaudits of a full and select house were a just tribute to such wonderful talents."

"M^{lle} Fargueil, the actress for whose benefit the entertainment was given, with M^{lle} Pierson and the excellent comedian Febvre, of the Comédie Française, played Meilhac and Halévy's delightful piece *Les Moutons de Panurge*; and the public profited by this

** The King and the Court were then at Saint-Cloud.

†† "Adieu, my dear daughter, I embrace you tenderly, and also my dearest wife, exhorting you to love me always with the same ardour as I love both of you. I am and always shall be your most affectionate father, L. CHERUBINI."

¶ M^{me} Turcas, Cherubini's elder daughter.

opportunity of making a last and brilliant demonstration in Mdle Fargueil's honour."

We can believe anything of Sarah Bernhardt—even this; and we only hope that Monsieur Jules Lacroix will complete the translation he has evidently so well begun. Probably no living Frenchman is better able successfully to accomplish the task.

CONCERTS.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—The first concert of the Saturday series—now as truly "popular" and well attended as that of Monday—drew a large audience and gave entire satisfaction. With this result a well-varied programme had much to do. No fewer than five composers were represented by the instrumental works. They were, in order of time, Corelli, Mozart, Weber, Chopin, and Schumann; the old Italian master contributing his Violin Sonata in D, Op. 5, and being interpreted in the most graceful and pleasing manner by Mdme Norman-Néruda. The selection from Mozart and Schumann was in each case a quintet—the D major of the first, and the E flat of the second—while from Chopin, M. de Pachmann chose the Nocturne in F and the second Mazurka of Opus 59. These familiar works may be allowed to pass with a simple tribute to the excellence of their rendering. The artists engaged were, besides the Moravian violinist and the Russian pianist, Messrs Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti. The vocalist was Mr Santley—a host in himself. Monday's concert opened with Mendelssohn's always welcome Quartet in E minor (Op. 44), best known, perhaps, by its piquant and delightful scherzo. Every bar of this fine work commanded, as usual, perfect attention, and every movement drew forth warm applause. So it will be to the end of the chapter; such music can never grow old, but remains as youthful as the pleasant sounds of nature. The quartet was perfectly played by Mdme Néruda, MM. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti. Chopin's pianoforte Trio in G minor (Op. 8), followed as the next concerted piece; choice of it being due, we suppose, to the presence of that specially Chopinesque performer, M. de Pachmann. But even he, aided by Mdme Néruda and Signor Piatti, could not change the nature of a dull and inartistic work. Chopin was a composer for the pianoforte and nothing else. When he took up other instruments he handled them like a schoolboy, and when writing for them conjointly with the piano, his instinct led him to exalt the key-board and abase the strings. In this case nothing more crude and ineffective than the violin and violoncello parts can easily be imagined. Hence the performance of the trio, able though it was, gratified the curiosity of those who had not before made its acquaintance, and did little else. The third concerted piece was Mozart's Sonata in A for violin and piano, played on this occasion for the sixteenth time. As his solos M. de Pachmann put forward Mozart's rarely heard Fantasia in C minor and Schubert's very well known Impromptu in A flat. He executed the first admirably, but the second with less effect. May we now ask M. de Pachmann to introduce some work of the highest class and fullest dimensions? His inimitable qualities as an executant of comparative bagatelles have been amply asserted. The vocalist was Mr Lloyd, who sang in his best manner Blumen-thal's "An Evening Song," and the Priestlied from *Die Meistersinger*, which tenors now seem bent upon wearing out as soon as possible.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—The short series of these concerts just ended calls only for record as an event of the musical world. No novelty was brought forward, the programmes being, indeed, made up of the works most frequently played, nor did the conditions of performance differ from those of previous occasions. We are not going to reproach Herr Richter for thus repeating familiar works. A good thing will bear hearing again and again, and its influence, which never abates, is always on the right side. If, therefore, the Viennese conductor can fill St James's Hall as often as he plays Beethoven's symphonies and the few pieces by Wagner that are possible in a concert room, he is quite right to do as he has just done. There is no merit in novelty as such, and a demand for it, unless accompanied by the will and the power to make a discreet choice, is more likely to result in mischief than benefit. The first two concerts of Herr Richter's autumnal season were devoted entirely to Beethoven and Wagner; but in the third programme appeared Bach's Suite in D major, which, with its mingling of scholasticism and dance forms, presented a strange contrast to Beethoven's A major Symphony and the Introduction to Wagner's *Meistersinger*. It was received with much qualified favour, the loud applause following the second movement, or *lento*, being obviously intended for the first violins, by whom the theme was played in a really remarkable manner, exemplifying almost perfect unity of phrasing and expression. As a matter of fact, however, even Beethoven's wonderful *Leonora* overture and his Seventh Symphony received less homage than the Wagnerian piece, which had to be repeated. For explanation of so great a mistake we

may call to mind that these concerts, managed by Germans, are also supported by Germans, with whom it is a point of honour and patriotism to exalt Wagner far above the illustrious masters who do not represent the aggressiveness of their country. With regard to the performance of the various selections there is nothing new to say. Herr Richter still appears at his best with Wagner's music. Then not a joint in the conductor's armour lies open to the critical shaft. With the works of other composers the case is different, and his reading of the Seventh Symphony might be challenged on more than one point. Why, for instance, was the finale taken at such a pace that the orchestra could not play it, but had to scramble over the notes in confusion? The concerts will be resumed in May next.—*D. T.*

MILE END.—On Saturday evening, Nov. 3rd, a performance of Handel's *Messiah* was given in the Assembly Hall, the principal singers were Mdme Clara West, Mrs Day Winter, Mr H. D. Field, and Mr C. T. Marriner, who acquitted themselves satisfactorily. Mdme West pleased especially in "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and Mr Marriner in "The trumpet shall sound" (encored). The band and chorus were fairly good, conductor Mr G. Day Winter; organist, Mr Bellman. There was a very large and appreciative audience.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—Benedict's Irish opera, the *Lily of Killarney*, is one which we would naturally expect to have a place in the repertory of a company numbering among its members so many artists formerly attached to the Carl Rosa company. Several of these, indeed, are distinctly identified with leading parts in this opera. Mdme Julia Gaylord, for example, has been the Eily O'Connor of so many performances, and her beautiful singing has added so much charm to charming music, that we always miss her when anyone else, however clever, appears in the character. Mdme Gaylord once more looked to perfection, and sang with the intelligence and feeling so often appreciated and admired. Another well-known representation, one in fact as familiar as that of the Colleen Bawn herself, is the Myles-na-Copaleen of Mr Charles Lyall, certainly one of the best Irishmen ever seen on the lyric stage. Since Boucicault himself played the part of the careless, rollicking, genial vagabond, no one has made so much of it as Mr Lyall, and his singing and acting were last night received with the signs of favour to which this clever and popular artist is so well accustomed when he appears before a Manchester audience. Mr Packard has also probably been heard more frequently as Hardress Cregan than any other, and assuredly no one ever impersonated it more effectively. George Fox's Danny Mann is not so familiar a performance, but those who remember how he sang and acted in it some years ago would be surprised at his performance on the present occasion. Miss Franklin as Mrs Cregan, Miss Clara Leslie as Ann Chute, and Mr Dodd as Corrigan, were alike successful.—*Manchester Examiner and Times*, Nov. 2.

BANBURY.—Miss Florence Fortescue, the clever harpist, who on several occasions was heard at the St James's Hall and other concerts in London, delighted her friends on Oct. 22nd at a well-attended musical *matinée*. Miss Fortescue's tasteful execution was greatly admired, and she was compelled to repeat "Within a mile of Edinbro' town" (dedicated to her), by her professor, Mr C. Oberthür. The same compliments were paid to Miss Hunt, who is a first-rate pianist, and to Miss Colegrove. Miss M. Strong's singing was deservedly admired; and the *matinée*, altogether, gave great satisfaction.

LIVERPOOL.—The series of concerts organized by Mr Carl Meyder at the Bijou Opera House began on Wednesday, November 7th. The orchestra was the same as at Buxton, where Mr Meyder gave his concerts during the summer. Miss Maude Powell, a clever young violinist, played an Andante and Capriccio, by David, and other pieces with success. Miss Beata Francis was the vocalist. She possesses a singularly clear and flexible voice, of good compass, which was heard to the best advantage in an arrangement of the "Carnaval de Venise," with variations, by Sir Julius Benedict. At its conclusion, Miss Francis was loudly recalled. The band acquitted itself with the precision and care for which it had become noted under the guidance of Mr Karl Meyder. These concerts are to be given every evening, and a morning concert on Saturdays.

MANCHESTER.—There was a large audience at M. de Jong's concert, when Mdme Carlotta Patti, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr King, and Mr Edward Lloyd were the singers, and M. de Munck the instrumentalist. Mdme Carlotta Patti sang with her accustomed power and flexibility. She was re-called after everything, repeating Iradier's Spanish song, "La Calacera." The audience also would willingly have heard again "Where the bee sucks." Miss Wilson was successful in Gounod's "The Worker"; and Mr Lloyd, who

was in fine voice, gave "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight" (*Oberon*), Mr Cellier's "Some Village Hampden," and Mr Clay's "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," the last being repeated. Mr King invariably sings with taste; and M. de Munk always plays like an artist. He was re-called with acclamation after Dunkler's "Fileuse," and repeated it with, if possible, greater effect.

—o—
MOZART'S MASS IN C MINOR.
(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The reference you kindly gave (Oct. 27) not being readily available, I at once enclose to you the communication I alluded to from M. André in 1839. I am not aware that the offer to produce a full score of "Davidde Penitente" was carried out. The work (as you are aware, no doubt), was given in 1848, with my English adaptation from the Psalms of David—M^{me} Castellan, Misses Williams, Mr Lockey, Mr H. Phillips, Mr Sims Reeves; conductor, Mr Benedict (now Sir Julius). The lovely tenor song, the charming trio, the magnificent double chorus, and final grand fugue—with the two early choruses with solos—were finely rendered, and duly noted by the London press at the time. I feel well aware that such a noble composition cannot be too well known, or too often brought under the notice of your numerous readers, and particularly the lovers of the sublime composer, "Mozart."—Yours truly,

14, Park Avenue, Longsight, Manchester.

R. ANDREWS.

OUTSIDE THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA-HOUSE.—"The Duke of Mudford's Cabbage Cart stops the way!"—Punch.

M^{lle} THÉSY ZAMARA, daughter of the celebrated harpist of the Imperial Opera at Vienna (Mr A. Zamara), has gone to Bucharest to fulfil an engagement, on most favourable terms. She is also to have two benefit concerts, which are largely guaranteed by the committee under whose engagement she is. M^{lle} Thésy Zamara is known as one of the best harp players, and was recently, at a concert in Vienna, re-called not less than four times after her performance of Mr C. Oberthür's "A Fairy Legend."

M^{me} MONTIGNY RÉMAURY has returned to Paris from Baden, where she was engaged for three concerts, the last being given at the *chateau* of the Grand Duchess. The gifted French pianist was received with every demonstration of pleasure by her illustrious hostess and the princely *entourage* who assisted at this brilliant *fête*. The Grand Duchess, to show her appreciation of M^{me} Rémaury's performance, presented her with a magnificent bracelet, ornamented with pearls and diamonds. M^{me} Rémaury is engaged for four concerts in England during the month of December; and in January she plays at a Philharmonic Concert at Vienna.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE (4th Nov.).—The orchestral pieces of the second Museum's Concert were Schubert's C *dur* Symphony and (first time) two smaller pieces by Dvorak: "Zwei Legenden," which originally were written for two pianofortes. The first of the two (in C *is* *moll*), by reason of its piquant melody, made a considerable impression. The vocalist, a young baritone, Herr Carl Scheidemantel, from Weimar, acquitted himself creditably in the air from Marschner's *Hans Heiling* and *Lieder*, by Lassen. As solo pianist, Mr Eugene d'Albert appeared for the first time before a Frankfort audience, and played compositions by Liszt, Bach, Chopin, and Rubinstein. Mr d'Albert was enthusiastically applauded.

BERLIN.—The new three-act buffo opera, *Nanon*, with music by Richard Genée, is far superior to the general run of the more recent works belonging to the same category, and is drawing large houses to the Walhalla-Operetten-Theater, where it was recently produced. On the first night, several pieces had to be repeated. The principal singers were called on after each act, as were, also, Herr Genée himself; Herr Pleininger, the conductor; and Herr Grosskopf, the proprietor of the theatre, after the second act, and at the fall of the curtain for the last time.—On the 3rd inst. Stern's Vocal Association, under the direction of Professor E. Rudorff, gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.—A concert long to be remembered was that recently given by M^{me} Clara Schumann and Joseph Joachim, when they played, among other things, Brahms' Sonata, Op. 78, for Piano-forte and Violin, and Schumann's "Symphonische Etuden." How they played them may more easily be imagined than described.—The new German Theatre has made an experiment, which may be pronounced successful. It has given Schiller's *Don Carlos* in the original text on two successive evenings. On Friday the performance lasted from seven till half-past eleven. The audience were spellbound by the admirable playing and the poetic power of the piece.

AN ENGLISH OPERA AT COLOGNE.

Mr Goring Thomas's grand opera *Esmeralda* was produced on Wednesday evening at the Cologne Stadttheater with triumphant success. Every seat in the house was filled. The first act was very warmly received by the audience, and at its conclusion the leading singers were enthusiastically recalled. In the course of the second act Herr Emil Goetze, Germany's first dramatic tenor singer, who gave a magnificent rendering of the part of Phœbus, was compelled to repeat the air "Oh! vision entrancing." His auditors would take no denial, and rewarded him for his concession to their encore by a tempest of plaudits. Frau Peschka-Leutner sang and acted the *title-rôle* with extraordinary passion and vigour throughout, and was called before the curtain again and again to undergo a complimentary pelting with bouquets and wreaths. When the curtain fell at the close of the second act, the house insisted upon seeing the composer behind the footlights, as well as the leading artists. The honours of the third act were unanimously awarded to Herr Karl Mayer, the impersonator of Frolo. At the end of the performance, Mr Thomas, the artists, and Manager Hofmann were summoned again and again, and each time they appeared were cheered to the echo.

Amongst the audience were nearly all the more influential theatrical impresarii and managers of Germany, whose reception of our gifted countryman's work was such as to render it a moral certainty that *Esmeralda* will make the round of the Fatherland's principal operahouses.—*Correspondence.*

LOVE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The sprite of love flew o'er the earth
(And found it all too narrow),
Seeking for hearts of weight and worth
Wherein to fix his arrow!

But the world of to-day spins round too fast
To revel in such sweet sorrow,
Now life is a race in which men rush past,
Each striving to catch up to-morrow.

Langsyne Love's arrows were formed of wood;
True hearts are easily holden;
Times change—and now to do any good
He finds his darts must be "golden."

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TONE.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON MUSIC.—The Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., presided on a recent occasion at a public meeting held at the schoolroom of the Markham Square (Chelsea) Congregational Church, to promote the establishment of an orchestral society for the district. Sir Charles, in the course of his opening address, said the movement had his most hearty sympathy although he was present without any peculiar fitness, and appeared before them as an example of failure in music. He was a musical student for a great many years of his life, and rather a hard student, both at the pianoforte and at harmony. But he altogether failed to become a musician, and could only acknowledge himself as a humble example of failure. At the same time, his experience led him to the conclusion that the results of the study of music were not comparable by the number of successes (hear, hear). Music was exceedingly valuable as a training to all those who took part in it, and he did not think people made a mistake in giving up a good deal of time to the acquisition of a good knowledge of music, even if such knowledge did not result in success from a popular point of view (cheers). He thought it needless to say much on the general sympathy of the English public for good music, for they all knew that the great appreciation of the art was recorded in many familiar and apt quotations. He remembered that the House of Commons rose in arms on one occasion when something was proposed by his right hon. friend Mr Forster, which, it was asserted, was calculated to prejudice the study of music. His lamented friend Mr Henry Winterbottom, afterwards Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, called Mr Forster, by implication, an "uncouth barbarian" (laughter) for his suggestion, which had reference to a change in the Education Code. He (Sir Charles) really did not know whether there was any foundation for the charge, but Mr Forster undoubtedly repudiated it as one of a very heinous nature. In conclusion, Sir Charles expressed his hope that the project would be successful, and stated that he should have much pleasure in according to the request of the executive to become a vice-president of the society. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the right hon. baronet for his attendance.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT NO. 37.

(Continued from page 708.)

1799.

The oratorios at Covent Garden Theatre commenced on the 18th of February with the sacred oratorio, the *Messiah*. Mara, by her style of singing, proved that she had no equal in Handel's music. Miss Pool sang "Rejoice," with correctness and brilliancy; it was encored, as well as the Hallelujah Chorus, enthusiastically. At the end of the first act I played a concerto on the oboe, and Jarnovicki performed a concerto on the violin at the end of the second act. In the week following this performance I went to dine with Mr Dowse, an old friend, residing at North End, Hampstead, where I met Jarnovicki, Mr Shield, and several other musical friends. The day proving agreeable, it was late before we thought of returning home, when a servant was despatched to town for two hackney coaches; but he being unable to procure more than one, and there being no alternative, we departed with seven persons in it. When we arrived at Tottenham Court Road, there being several coaches on the stand, one was called for Jarnovicki to convey him home; but on its coming up, although he had been in London several years, he could not muster up English enough to name the street in which he lived, and none of the party knowing his residence, it produced a dilemma, in which he participated, till suddenly recollecting himself, he broke out, singing—"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre," which enabled his English friends to direct the coachman to Marlborough Street.

The long and anxiously expected play, with music, called *Pizzaro*, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 24th of May. The music of the airs, &c., incidental to the piece, was composed and compiled by Mr Kelly. The overture, and the symphonies between the acts, which were appropriate and excellent, were by Dussek. In the quintet, "Fly away time," and the choruses and marches, great merit was displayed.

At the time I was first engaged as principal oboist to Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1783, I occasionally dined and supped at a chop-house in Duke's Court, Bow Street, Covent Garden, called Jupp's, which was much frequented by theatrical performers. One night, whilst supping there with a friend, a gentleman came into the next box, whom by his dialect, we soon discovered to be a son of Israel. When seated, he rang the bell for the waiter, who forthwith attending, he desired to have half-a-dozen *porcht-akes*. The waiter replied, "yes, sir," and departed to order them to be got ready. The waiter shortly afterwards returning with a dish containing six pork steaks, the Jew, viewing with surprise the forbidden fruit, exclaimed with great warmth, "Dat is not vat I vant; I ordered half-a-dozen *porcht-akes*."—"Well, sir," said the waiter, "here are six, and they are as prime pork steaks as were ever cut from pig."—"Baugh! baugh!" cried the Jew, "I want no pig's meat; if I did, I should ask for the mutton with the *tick rind*, as all our peoples do when dey eat de pork. No, I want de *porcht-akes*, vat de hens do lay."—"O, sir," said the waiter, (who at length comprehended his meaning,) I beg your pardon, I mistook the thing entirely; you shall have the *poached eggs* in a few minutes." The waiter kept his word, and the Jew (who appeared to enjoy his repast), having cleared the dish, ordered six more, and so on, seriatim, until he had actually eaten fifty-two!

A grand selection from the works of Handel, for the benefit of the fund of the Royal Society of Musicians was performed at the Opera Rooms, on the 29th of May, by command of their Majesties. The Earl of Uxbridge was honorary president. The singers were Mdme Banti, Mrs Harrison, Signor Viganoni, Mr Harrison, and Mr Bartleman. The performance went off in the first style of excellence, and the room was filled with persons of the first rank and fashion.

Vauxhall Gardens opened for the season on the 24th of May; and on the 12th of August, the birthday of the Prince of Wales, a gala was given, which had never been equalled at that fashionable place of entertainment. On that occasion the gardens were illuminated by twenty thousand lamps of various colours, formed into devices; and in the saloon and several parts of the gardens, finely executed transparencies were exhibited. In the well-selected concert, the vocal and instrumental performers exerted themselves with the happiest effect; and the display of fireworks was both novel and splendid. The company on that night amounted to twelve thousand persons; and the supping was so general, that amongst the refreshments consumed were one hundred dozen of chickens, and a hundred and forty dozen bottles of port wine! The evening, notwithstanding, was passed with the greatest hilarity and harmony, and the company did not separate till a late hour, or rather an early one the next morning. Among the company were many of the first rank,

whose carriages in waiting filled both sides of the road to the extent of a mile.

The winter theatres opened as usual in September. They neither of them produced any musical novelty worth recording.

Cramer, the celebrated violin player, who had for many years been admired for his superior talent and the suavity of his manners, died on the 5th of October. He had been, perhaps, much affected by the foul play by which two years before he was removed from the opera. This, together with other misfortunes, undermined his health, which progressively declined till death overtook him. Cramer, before he came to England, was retained by the Duke of Wirtemberg at Stutgard, who permitted him to travel for two years, allowing him his salary during that period. On his way to England he stayed a short time in Paris, and was invited to play a concerto on the violin at the *concert-spirituel*. When he entered the orchestra on the night he was going to perform, he was not a little surprised at hearing the ripieno violin players flourishing the most difficult passages up to the top of the finger-board. The reflection which arose in his mind was, "if the French subordinate fiddle players possess such uncommon powers of execution, I can have little chance of pleasing a Parisian audience." He, however, summoned all his courage, and proceeded. Contrary to his expectation, he received general and vehement applause. Cramer, dining the following day with an eminent French musician, related the circumstance, when his friend observed, "O, rot them, they only practice such monkey tricks, and can play nothing else." Cramer, during his two years absence from his patron, experienced such extraordinary success in England that he forgot to return to Stutgard. This was afterwards a source of pain to him, at least in a single instance, for at one of the Sunday concerts held at the Duke of Queensberry's (in which I was engaged), he was greatly chagrined on beholding the Duke and Duchess of Wirtemberg, who had just arrived in England, seated exactly before him. Cramer, whose nerves were considerably degraded by this rencontre, when he had done leading the concert, took the lead out of the room with the utmost celerity.

(To be continued.)

Mdlle Lucia Bordogni, of the Apollo Theatre, Rome, and niece to the late Signor Bordogni, the tenor, made her *début*, at the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall concert, last week, at the concert given under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict. Mdlle Bordogni sang "L'Ardita," with immense success, and had twice to repeat Signor Arditi's popular waltz.

PASSAU (BAVARIA).—The recent concert of the Harmonic Society was of particular attraction in consequence of the fine harp playing of Mdlle Josephine Nissl from Ratiabon, who created quite a *furor* by her performance of Charles Oberthür's harp solo "A Fairy Legend." The *Augsburg Abendzeitung* says: "A poetical aspiration extended over performer and performance, and in the piece 'Fairy Legend' one might have dreamed oneself into a fairy world. The young artist, at the same time, plays with a certainty which is astonishing, her passages and scales run like pearls, and her performance altogether bears the stamp of highly artistic finish." She also played an *Elegie* for harp and violoncello by Zamara, in which she was most ably assisted by our clever violoncello player, Mr Sturm."—(Communicated.)

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Mdlle Nadine Boulitschef, a pupil of Mdme Marchesi's, has, after singing for three years very successfully in Italy, come out at the Italian Operahouse here, as Margaret in *Faust*, and made a hit in the part.—The concerts of the Russian Musical Society will this season be under the direction of Auer, except in one instance, when Antoine Rubinstein will assume the *bâton*, conduct his own Dramatic Symphony, and play Beethoven's Concerto in E flat major. Among the works comprised in the season's programme are Beethoven's Symphonies; Eroica, F major and D minor; Borodin's Symphony in E flat major; Symphony by Johann Brahms; "Antar," by Rimski-Karsakow; Tchaikowski's Second Symphony in C minor; Schumann's First Symphony in B flat major and overture to *Julius Caesar*; Mozart's Symphony in G minor; Hector Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain;" prelude to R. Wagner's *Meistersinger*; overture to Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulide*; "Die Gaben des Terek," by K. Dawydow; overture (first time) to the tragedy of *Medea*, M. Iwanow; "Miniatures" (for orchestra, and first time) C. Cui; "Funeral March" and Folk's Dances," by C. Naprawnik; fragments from the opera, *Wakula the Smith*, by N. Isolowjew, &c. The choral compositions will include "Requiem," Schumann; "Edipus," Mussorgski; "Pater Noster," (a capella) Meyerbeer; fragment from *Eve*, a "Mystery," Massenet; choruses by Bach, Cherubini, &c. The choral pieces will be executed by the combined choruses of the St Petersburg Conservatory and the Imperial Russian Musical Society.

WAIFS.

Emil Sauer, pianist, has been giving concerts in Madrid. A new musical paper, *Il Paisiello*, has appeared in Naples. Suppé's *Boccaccio* is in rehearsal at the Circo de Price, Madrid. Genée's buffo opera, *Nanon*, has been very well received in Berlin. Franz Liszt will not visit Rome this year, as he usually does about the present time.

John C. Freund's New York paper, *Music and Drama*, has ceased to appear.

Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* is shortly to be performed at Carlsruhe.

The Austrian Ladies' Quartet were very successful in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Weber's *Freischütz* will shortly be revived at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Teatro Argentina, Rome, has been opened with Ambroise Thomas' *Mignon*.

The Sisters Ravogli, and Dreyschock, the pianist, have given three concerts in Breslau.

Francis Planté, the pianist, has been playing at the Popular Concerts, Marseilles.

Robert Volkmann, the well-known composer, died in Pesth, on the 29th ult., aged 68.

Professor Joachim was the soloist at the first Museum's concert this season at Frankfort.

A new opera, *Rosa y Clavel*, music by Señor Marquina, is announced at the Teatro Martin, Madrid.

Mdme Artôt-Padilla and her husband are now in Berlin, where they have permanently settled.

M. Léo Delibes' *Lakmé* will shortly be produced at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was performed, on the 2nd inst., for the 400th time at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The Teatro Fenice, Venice, may probably open shortly for the performance of *Le Roi de Lahore* and *Faust*.

Mdme Nilsson sang in *Faust* in the new Operahouse, New York, on Saturday night (Nov. 10) before a full house.—*Times*.

R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with a French libretto, will be produced this winter at the Théâtre des Arts, Rouen.

Suppé's *Donna Juanita* has been successfully produced at the Théâtre des Galeries Saint-Hubert, Brussels.

For his second part at the Italian Operahouse, St Petersburg, M. Mierzewski chose that of Maucico in *Il Trovatore*.

Massenet's opera, *Hérodiade*, met with a very favourable reception at its first performance in Prague, on the 4th inst.

Mdme Czerwenka, of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is engaged for the winter at the Theatre Royal, Wiesbaden.

Herr Käsmeier has been appointed Franz Doppler's successor as conductor of ballet-music at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis has in the press a new book touching music and musicians, in connection with his own experiences among them.

After one concert in Vienna, Pablo de Sarasate goes for four months to Russia. In March he will visit Paris; and in April, London.

Sig. Giovanni Paltriniera has taken the Teatro della Pergola, Florence, for the carnival season, and will open with *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

A new piece, *Le Garroche*, with music by Ch. Lecocq, will be produced this season in Paris, and Mdme Jeanne Granier will play the principal part.

There is some talk of the company from the Friedrich-Wilhelm-städtisches-Theater, Berlin, coming to perform Millocker's *Bettelstudent* in London.

Herr Emil Götze will sing, on exceptionally brilliant terms, ten nights between the 15th May and the 15th June next at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Mdme von Wurzbach, formerly a great favourite as Carlotta Grossi at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, contemplates, it is said, returning to the stage.

The Meiningen Ducal Orchestra inaugurated their present season of Subscription Concerts by a Beethoven Evening, Hans von Bülow officiating as conductor.

After a most successful engagement, Gayarre proceeded from Saragossa to Malaga, where he made his first appearance, on the 2nd inst., in *La Favorita*.

Mdme Sembrich chose for her first appearance in New York the part of the heroine in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and made a great hit.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, with Teresina Singer in the principal female part, is to be performed in Lent at the Teatro Nuovo, Pisa.

Mdme Frandin, formerly of the Paris Opéra-Comique, has been singing with much success in Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, at the Teatro del Carcano, Milan.

It is said that R. Wagner's niece, Mdme Alexander von Berckefeldt, is, with her husband and four children, in a state of great poverty in New York.

Mdme Judic will shortly start, with a specially organized company, under the direction of Herr Schumann, on a six weeks' tour in Austro-Hungary and Russia.

A subscription has been opened in Madrid for the purchase of a gold crown to be presented to Señor Arrieta, composer of the successful opera, *San Franco de Sena*.

The new opera, *Amazilia*, by a young composer named Palminteri, which was lately produced at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, seems to have been only partially successful.

After the lapse of some five or six years, Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploërmel* has re-appeared in the bills of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, with Mdme Arnaud as Dinorah.

Ch. Gounod's oratorio, *The Redemption*, was performed for the first time in Vienna on the 4th inst., by the artists of the Imperial Operahouse, for the benefit of their Pension Fund.

Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* has been performed at the following towns in Italy:—Turin, Rome, Vicenza, Bologna, Placenza, Venice, Milan, Pisa, Genoa, Mantua, Naples, Verona, and Treviso.

Under the direction of Joseph Joachim and E. Rudorff, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will give three grand Orchestral Concerts in Stettin; one this month, one in December, and one in February.

Mdme Coulon, the accomplished and esteemed French pianist, has returned from her tour through *la belle France*, with all the honours, having been *fêted* at each town that she favoured by a visit.

Having obtained from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, a four months' leave of absence, commencing on April 1st next, Herr Winkelmann will devote that period to a professional visit to America.

Mdme Patti last Saturday night (Nov. 10) made her first appearance in the New York Academy of Music, the opera being Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*. She sang to a crowded and brilliant audience, and secured complete success.—*Times*.

Mr Alfred Burnett and Mr Ridley Prentice intend giving, in the ensuing winter season, four Subscription Chamber Concerts at the Alexandra Hall, Blackheath, on the same model as before, each programme to include three concerted works.

The Berlin judges have condemned the German translations of M. Zola's works to be confiscated and burnt as being "notoriously immoral." The arch-priest of Naturalism says that this is all owing to the Alfonso incident, and considers himself a martyr.

Mr W. A. Barrett read a lecture on Balfe to the members of the Walworth Institution on Tuesday. The illustrations selected from Balfe's many works were performed by Miss Julia Jones, Messrs. T. W. Hanson, Walter Clifford, F. Bevan, Howard Reynolds, Barnham Horner, and the lecturer.

An Englishman, who apparently does not trust the many reserve lamps which are lighted besides the gas at the operahouse at Frankfort, takes his seat nightly in the stalls, provided with a lighted railway reading lamp, which he carefully deposits between his feet. What would Dr Blidge say to an eccentric Teuton appearing in the house of Mr Gye (or in your editorial sanctum) with the attribute of the ancient night-watch.

The German musical papers lament the death, at Buda-Pesth, of Herr Robert Volkmann, a gifted and prolific composer. He was born at Lommatsch, in Saxony, on April 6th, 1815, and received his musical training at Leipsic. At an early age he settled at Pesth, which became his home for the greater part of his life. Among his most important works are a Symphony in D minor, incidental music to *Richard III.*, and numerous specimens of excellent chamber music.

A real literary treasure has been discovered in the memoirs of Heinrich Heine. The manuscript had been confided by the great German poet to his friend M. Julia, who was at one time Prefect of the Basses-Alpes. Now that Mdme Heine has been dead a year, M. Julia has decided to give this much-discussed work to the world. Great curiosity is aroused about this literary *bonne bouche*, for the memoirs, which consist, however, of only 200 pages of writing, are said to be highly interesting.

Mme Georgina Burns—says the *Glasgow News*—is recognized as an actress and vocalist of exceptional talent—an artist in the truest acceptance of the term. Her Filina, in *Mignon*, is well known in Glasgow; and, being in splendid voice on Tuesday night, she repeated all her former triumphs in a part for which she is admirably suited. She was forced to bow repeatedly in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic plaudits accorded to her brilliant vocalization in the polonaise of the second act; but this was only one of her many successes.

Mr Ruskin, who had been on a visit to Laidlawstiel, as the guest of Lord and Lady Wreay, arrived at Whithorn on Monday last week, and remained there until Wednesday, when he left Lancashire. During his sojourn in the historic burgh he visited the ruins of the ancient priory, and was lost in admiration of its fine arches and the Runic stones there. He likewise inspected the ruins of the old church at the Isle, and St Ninian's Cave on the Physgill shore, with its interesting crosses. Garlieston and its neighbourhood were also visited.

Talking of literary celebrities, I am sorry to see that there has already been a scandal about the Tourgenieff property. It will be remembered that the great Russian novelist lived with the Viardots, and the widow of Louis Viardot is named legatee of all his goods and chattels. His property in Russia will probably go back to his family; but it appears that he leaves a natural daughter, whose husband, M. Bruère, has put in a claim. Mme Bruère has, however, disappeared, and has not been seen for several years, so that his claims can hardly be called valid. The affair is already in the lawyers' hands, and there seems likely to be a pretty squabble.

A STORY ABOUT HANDEL.—Formerly, the greatest achievement of a country choir was to be able to prepare a few of Handel's songs and choruses for what was called the "charity sermon"; and Handel himself must have heard and encouraged humble efforts of this kind, as the following true anecdote will show:—Going along a country road one evening, he overtook an aged rustic with a cello under his arm, and asked him where he was going with his instrument. "I'm going, sir, to practise Mr Handel's music for next charity sermon." Handel: "Don't you find his music rather tough, especially when you get much among the sharps and flats?" Rustic: "Well, sir, some on it is tough enough; but we generally stick to his easy pieces; or, when we get to an out-of-the-way thing, with a many sharps and flats, we follow Jack the blacksmith's rule." Handel: "Ah, and what's that?" Rustic, emphatically: "Why, sir, he leaves 'em all out—and so do we." Handel laughed heartily, but warmly urged the old man for the future to steer clear of hard keys and frequent accidentals.

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5. Gavotte in E minor	E. Silas	3	0
6. Les gardes Françaises	M. Watson	3	0

MACFARREN, WALTER

Four Romances	10	6
or in separate Nos.:		
No. 1. Serenade	3	0
2. Scena	4	0
3. Canzonet	3	0
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PRIDHAM, JOHN

TWELVE VIOLIN AIRS:

No. 1. Mozart's favourite waltz	3	0
2. Life let us cherish	3	0
3. My love she's but a lassie yet	3	0
4. Tyrolese Waltz	3	0
5. Birthday Schottische	3	0
6. Swiss boy	3	0
7. In my cottage near a wood	3	0
8. Windsor Castle Schottische	3	0
9. Bavarian air	3	0
10. Keel row	3	0
11. Kinloch of Kinloch	3	0
12. Bonnie Dundee	3	0

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No. 1. Barcarolle	3	0
2. Humoresque	3	0
3. A la Gavotte	3	0
4. La coquette	3	0
5. Polka gracieuse	3	0
6. Andantino	3	0
7. Mazurka	3	0
8. Cradle song	3	0
9. Valse Mauresque	3	0
10. Saltarello	3	0
11. Valse élégante	3	0
12. Intermezzo	3	0
Chant de la bergère (C. Galos). Transcription	3	0

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3. Waiting	Millard	3	0
4. Fleur de lys. Gavotte	Dufaure	3	0
5. The lover and the bird	Guglielmo	3	0
6. The carnival of Venice	Italian Air	3	0
7. Cornflower Waltz	Coote	3	0
8. Caro mio ben	Giordani	3	0
9. Air de danse	Latour	3	0
10. Manolo. Valse	Waldteufel	3	0
11. Minuet in E flat	Mozart	3	0
12. Marche des troubadours	Roubier	3	0

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For the Twenty-second Year, ending October 1st, 1883.

GENERAL FUND.	
Dr.	
1882. Balance at Union Bank	£373 1 11
Balance in Treasurer's hands	27 6 11
1883. Honorary Subscriptions	24 13 6
Monthly Subscriptions	176 10 9
Interest on Consols	49 15 7
Interest per Treasurer	0 13 1
	£651 1 9

Sick Payments.	
Cr.	
Full pay	
Messrs	Days. Amount.
Bowyer	156 £23 8 0
Stratford	155 23 5 0
Gill	132 19 16 0
Walters, E.	129 19 7 0
Grant, E.	72 10 16 0
Kempster	60 9 0 0
Wilsher, W.	58 8 8 0
Annetts	49 7 7 0
Tarran, Sen.	44 6 12 0
Burkett	40 6 0 0
Kerslake	37 5 11 0
Phillimore, Sen.	26 3 18 0
Underwood	25 3 15 0
Lavis, G. L. K.	18 2 14 0
2nd pay—Messrs	
Wilsher, W.	100 10 0 0
Bowyer	4 0 8 0
Burkett	3 0 6 0
	107 10 14 0
Total Days Sick Pay	1,224 178 5 0

Funeral claim—Walters, E.	12 0 0
By Purchase of £200 Consols, at 100½, and Commission, 5s.	202 0 0
Collector's Commission	1 4 7½
Balance at Union Bank	255 17 4
„ „ Treasurer	1 14 9½
	£651 1 9

MANAGEMENT FUND.	
Dr.	
Balance in Treasurer's hands	7 13 6
Monthly Payments	46 10 0
Entrance Fees	3 2 6
Books	0 17 3
Nominations	0 2 6
Fin. s.	2 17 3
	£61 3 0

Cr.	
Surgeon's Salary	23 5 0
Secretary's do.	19 7 6
Committee	2 18 0
Auditors	0 5 0
Books and Printing, 1880-81-82-83	10 0 0
Postages	1 8 0½
Entrance Fee returned	0 2 6
Balance	3 16 11½
	£61 3 0

Balance at Bankers	255 17 4
„ „ Treasurer's hands	5 11 9
£1,702 10s., Cash paid for purchase of £1,804 17s. Consols, now valued @ 100½	1,820 13 0
	£2,082 2 1

Members last year 150	
New Members ... 21	
Examiners and found correct,	
9th October, 1883,	
WILLIAM CHAPPELL, } Auditors.	
G. F. S. ALLENSON, }	
W. P. RICE, Secretary.	
Left 7—Died 1	171 @ 2s. 64
	171 @ 2s. 6d. 75
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163	163

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